

Vol. XIX

NOVEMBER, 1906

No. 5

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

*There is no wine equal to the wine of friendship:
and love is only friendship, plus something else.*

LORD NELSON

AND

LADY HAMILTON

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Little Journeys for 1907

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Will be to the Homes of Great Reformers

The Subjects are as Follows:

John Wesley	John Bright
Henry George	Bradlaugh
Garibaldi	Wyclif
Richard Cobden	Oliver Cromwell
Thomas Paine	Anne Hutchinson
John Knox	J. J. Rousseau

TEN YEARS OF THE PHILISTINE

An Index & Concordance

OF VOLUMES I TO XX

Compiled by Julia Ditto Young. Bound solidly in Boards to match *The Philistine*

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THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK

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THE ROYCROFTERS
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EVERY Saturday Evening at 7:45 there is a lecture (usually Mr. HUBBARD speaks) or a concert at the Roycroft Chapel, East Aurora. No charge for admission is made, no collection; visitors or people from the village always welcome. Train leaves Central Station, Buffalo, at 1:20, 3:45, 5:25 p. m. returning, 9:40, after lecture.

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❀ Thomas Jefferson once said, "To gain leisure; wealth must first be secured; but once leisure is gained, more people use it in the pursuit of pleasure than employ it in acquiring knowledge." ❀❀❀❀
❀ A study of these pamphlets will not only help you to gain the wealth that brings leisure, but better yet, they make for the acquirement of knowledge instead of the pursuit of pleasure. There has been nothing better written teaching the solid habits of thrift since Benjamin Franklin wrote his maxims, than these pamphlets. They appeal to all classes of people and are read, preserved and passed along ❀ These are the titles:

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THE CIGARETTIST THE PARCEL POST
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THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE greatest maker of epigrams in America is Elbert Hubbard. Whether England has a writer who surpasses Hubbard would be an indelicate question at this time. ¶ "An epigram is a truth expressed in a short, sharp, condensed way," says the dictionary. ¶ But the fact is, an epigram is not necessarily a truth. It may be partially true, or not true at all, yet if it makes us think truth it has served its purpose. ¶ An epigram is to a fact what a torpedo is to a bonfire. ¶ The epigram awakens us mentally. ¶ The epigram is portable truth. It is a package tied up with a nice handle attached. To make a good epigram requires a combination of gifts: wisdom, wit, and a discriminating command of language. A word too much, or the emphasis in the wrong place and your cake is dough. ¶ Hubbard does not sit down and write epigrams, he just writes about men and things, and his friends fish the epigrams out of the printed page. ¶ The man who says, "Go to, I will now write epigrams," does n't. ¶ Epigrams are the accidents of authorship. And the joy of the reader lies in the discovery.

—SIDNEY WELLS ROACH, in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE PHILISTINE

ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor, East Aurora, New York

Subscription, One Dollar a Year, Ten Cents a Copy

Folks who do not know how to take THE PHILISTINE had better not.—Ali Baba.

¶ Each number of the magazine contains articles on subjects having the attention of the Public. Some of the Preachments are of a political nature, some ethical and sociological, some are humorous. These last are especially important. Many articles from THE PHILISTINE have been reprinted and sold by the hundred thousand. By subscribing you get the articles at first hand—Today is a good time to subscribe.

Mail us a Two Dollar check and we will send you *The Philistine* and the *Little Journeys* for Nineteen Hundred Seven, and in addition a De Luxe Roycroft Book ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

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THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie County, New York, U. S. A.

BOOK One of Great Lovers, being Vol. XVIII. of *Little Journeys*, is now ready. It is a book of 164 pages, printed on Italian hand-made, Roycroft water-marked paper, title-page, thirty-six initials and tail-piece illumined, and seven portraits. Bound in limp green velvet leather, silk lined, inlaid calf title stamped in gold on back and cover, silk marker. The subjects are as follows:

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JOHN STUART MILL AND HARRIET TAYLOR

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We think there are classes of people who will find it to be just what they are looking for for a present. The price is \$3.00, or \$1.50 to subscribers of *Little Journeys* returning the corresponding numbers.

T H E R O Y C R O F T E R S
EAST AURORA, IN ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

HUSBAND DECEIVED

But Thanked His Wife Afterwards

A man ought not to complain if his wife puts up a little job on him, when he finds out later that it was all on account of her love for him. Mighty few men would.

Sometimes a fellow gets so set in his habits that some sort of a ruse must be employed to get him to change, and if the habit, like excessive coffee drinking, is harmful, the end justifies the means—if not too severe. An Ills. woman says:

"My husband used coffee for 25 years, and almost every day.

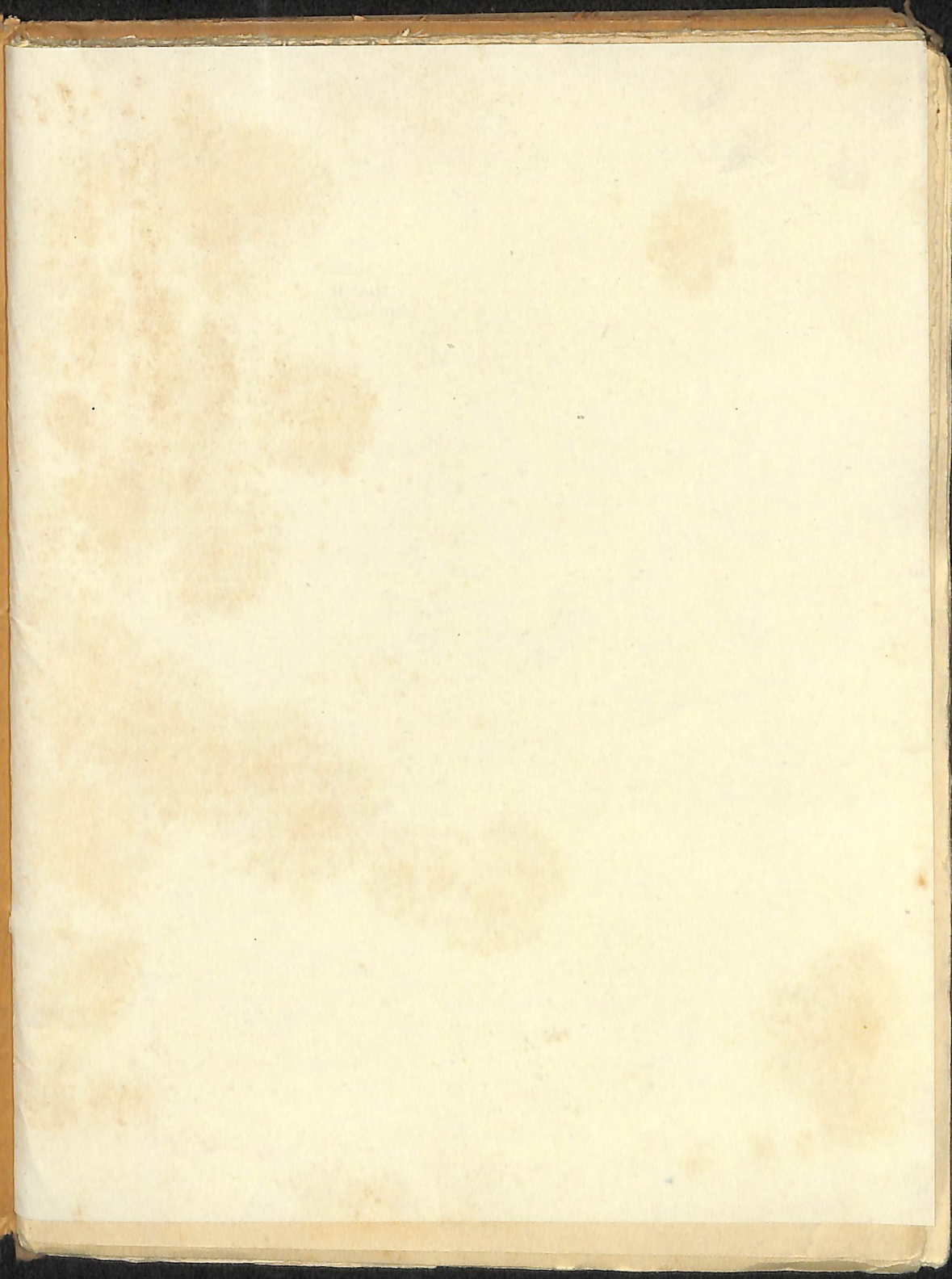
"He had a sour stomach (dyspepsia) and a terrible pain across his kidneys a good deal of the time. This would often be so severe he could not straighten up. His complexion was a yellowish-brown color; the doctors said he had liver trouble.

"An awful headache would follow if he did not have his coffee at every meal, because he missed the drug.

"I tried to coax him to quit coffee, but he thought he could not do without it. Our little girl 3 years old sat by him at table and used to reach over and drink coffee from papa's cup. She got like her father—her kidneys began to trouble her.

"On account of the baby, I coaxed my husband to get a package of Postum. After the first time he drank it he had a headache and wanted his coffee. We had some coffee in the house, but I hid it and made Postum as strong as I could and he thought he was having his coffee and had no headaches.

"In one week after using Postum his color began to improve, his stomach got right, and the little girl's kidney trouble was soon all gone. My husband works hard, eats hearty and has no stomach or kidney trouble any more. After he had used Postum a month, without knowing it, I brought out the coffee. He told me to throw it away." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There 's a reason."





Lord Nelson



Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF

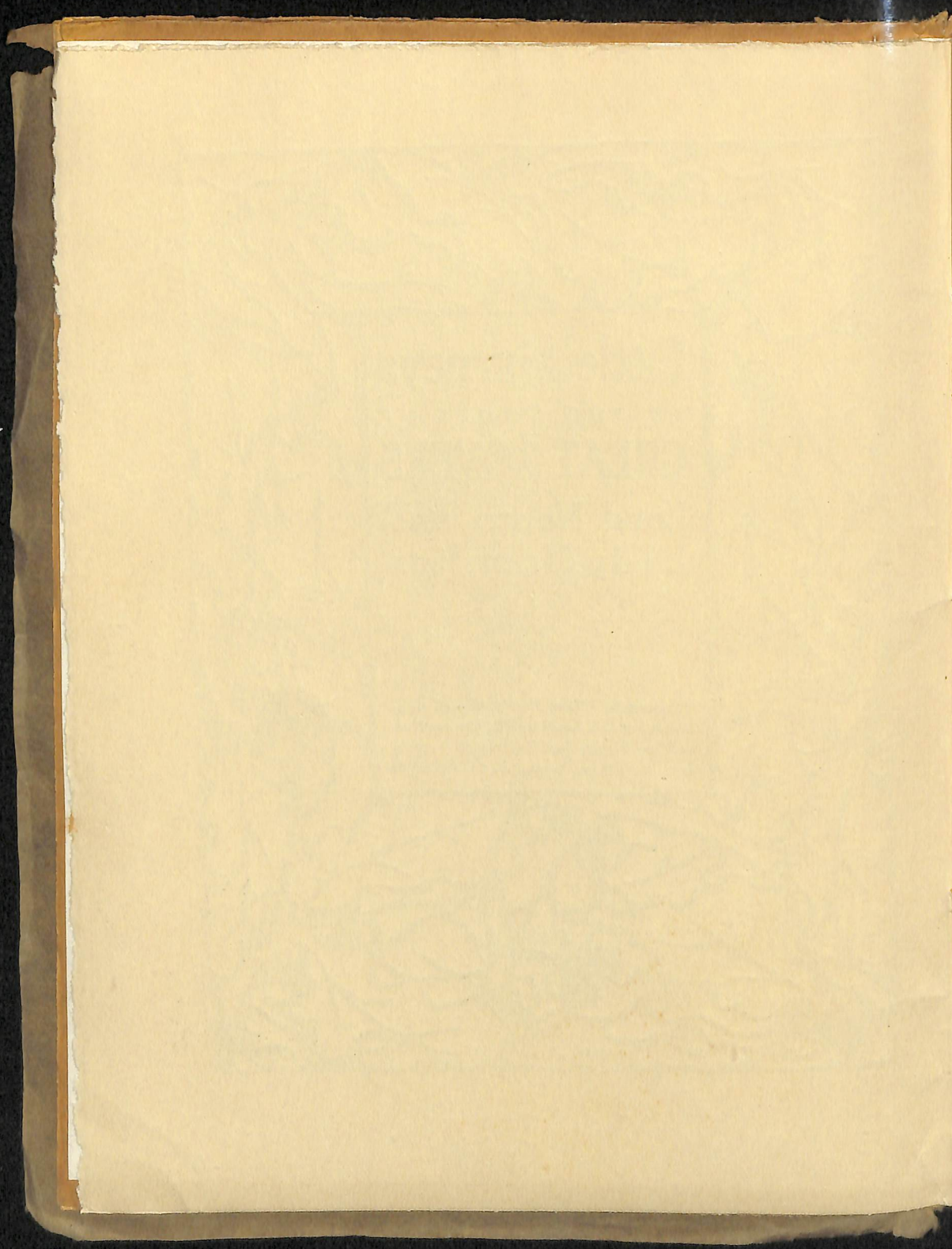
GREAT LOVERS

Lord Nelson and
Lady Hamilton



Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
into a Printed Book by The Roycrofters
at their Shop which is in East Aurora,
Erie Co., New York, A. D. MCMVI

NOT



LORD NELSON AND
LADY HAMILTON

THE last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over his little daughter as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin; and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with more devout reverence. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was now taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there was a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her also next to his heart.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON



ROBERT SOUTHEY, poet laureate, and conservative churchman wrote the Life of Nelson, wrote it on stolen time—sandwiched in between essays and epics. And now behold it is the one effort of Southey that perennially survives, and is religiously read—his one claim to literary immortality.

Murray, the original Barabbas, got together six magazine essays on Lord Nelson, and certain specific memoranda from Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson's sisters, and sent the bundle with a check for one hundred pounds to Southey asking him to write the "Life," and have it ready inside of six weeks, or return the check and papers by bearer.

Southey needed the money—he had his own family to support and also that of Coleridge who was philosophizing in Germany. Southey needed the money! Had the check not been sent in advance Southey would have declined the commission. Southey began the work in distaste, warmed to it, got the right focus on his subject, used the wife of Coleridge as 'prentice talent and making twice as big a book as he had expected, completed it in just six weeks.

Other men might have written lives of Lord Nelson but they did not, and all who write on Lord Nelson now, paraphrase Southey.

And thus are great literary reputations won on a fluke ☞ ☞

LITTLE
JOURNEYS



ORATIO NELSON, born in 1758, was one of a brood of eight children, left motherless when the lad was nine years of age. His father was a clergyman, passing rich on the proverbial forty pounds a year.

It was the dying wish of the mother that one of the children should be adopted by her brother, Captain Suckling of the navy. This captain was a grand-nephew of Sir John Suckling the poet, and one of the great men of the family—himself acknowledging it.

Captain Suckling promised the stricken woman that her wish should be respected. Three years went by and he made no move. Horatio, then twelve years of age, hearing that "The Reasonable," his uncle's ship, had just anchored in the Medway, wrote the gallant Captain, reminding him of the obligation and suggesting himself as a candidate.

The captain replied to the boy's father that the idea of sending the smallest and sickliest of the family to rough it at sea, was a foolish idea, but if it was the father's wish, why send the youngster along, and in the first action a cannon-ball might take off the boy's head, which would simplify the situation.

This was an acceptance, although ungracious, and our youngster was duly put aboard the stage, penniless, with a big basket of lunch, ticketed for tide-water. There a kind-hearted waterman rowed the boy out to the ship and put him aboard, where he wandered on

the deck for two days, too timid to make himself known, before being discovered, and then came near being put ashore as a stowaway. It seems that the captain had made no mention to any one on the ship that his nevy was expected, and in fact, had probably forgotten the matter himself.

And so Horatio Nelson, slim, slight, slender, fair-haired, hollow-eyed, was made cabin-boy, with orders to wait on table, wash dishes and "tidy up things". And he set such a pace in tidying up the captain's cabin, that that worthy officer once remarked, "Dammittall, he is n't half as bad as he might be."

Finally, Horatio was given the tiller when a boat was sent ashore. He became an expert in steering, and was made coxswain of the captain's launch. He learned the channel in low tide from Chatham to the Tower, making a map of it on his own account. He had a scent for rocks and shoals and knew how to avoid them, for good pilots are born not made.

A motherless boy with a discouraged father is very fortunate. If he ever succeeds, he knows it must be through his own exertions. The truth is pressed home upon him that there is nothing in the universe to help him, but himself—a great lesson to learn.

Young Nelson soon saw that his uncle's patronage, no matter how well intentioned, could not help him beyond making him coxswain to the long boat. And anyway, if he was promoted, he wanted it to be on account of merit and not relationship. So he got himself transferred to another boat that was about to sail

LITTLE JOURNEYS

for the West Indies, and took the rough service that falls to the lot of a jack-tar. His quickness in obeying orders, his alertness and ability to climb, his scorn of danger, going to the tip of the yard-arm to adjust a tangled rope in a storm, or fastening the pennant to the top of the mainmast in less time than anybody else on board ship could perform the task, made him a marked man. He did the difficult thing, the unpleasant task with an amount of good cheer that placed him in a class by himself. He had no competition. Success was in his blood—his silent, sober ways, intent only on doing his duty made his services sought after when a captain was fitting out a dangerous undertaking.

Nelson made a trip to the Arctic, and came back second mate at nineteen. He went to the Barbadoes and returned lieutenant.

He was a lieutenant-colonel at twenty, and at twenty-one was given charge of a ship-yard.

Shortly after he was made master of a school-ship, his business being to give boys their first lessons in seamanship. His methods here differed much from those then in vogue.

When a new boy, agitated and nervous, was ordered to climb, Nelson, noticing the lad's fear would say, "Now, lads, I am with you and it is a race to the crow's nest." And with a whoop he would make the start, allowing the nervous boy to outstrip him. Then once at the top, he would shout, "Now is n't this glorious—why there is no danger, excepting when you think danger. A monkey up a tree is safer than a

monkey on the ground; and a sailor on the yard is happier than a sailor on the deck—hurrah!" ¶ Admiral Hood said that if Nelson had wished it, he would have become the greatest teacher of boys that England ever saw ☞ ☞

At twenty-three Nelson was made a captain and placed in charge of the "Albemarle." He was sent to the North Sea to spend the winter along the coast of Denmark ☞ ☞

A local prince of Denmark has described a business errand made aboard the "Albemarle." Says the Dane, "On asking for the captain of the ship I was shown a boy in a captain's uniform, the youngest man to look upon I ever saw holding a like position. His face was gaunt and yellow, his chest flat and his legs absurdly thin ☞ But on talking with him I saw he was a man born to command, and when he showed me the ship and pointed out the cannon, saying, 'These are for use if necessity demands,' there was a gleam in his blue eyes that backed his words."

Before he was twenty-six Nelson had fought pirates, savages, Spaniards, French, and even crossed the ocean to reason with Americans, having been sent to New York on a delicate diplomatic errand.

On this trip he spent some weeks at Quebec where he met a lady fair who engrossed his attention and time to such a degree that his officers feared for his sanity. This was his first love affair, and he took it seriously.

¶ It was time for the "Albemarle" to sail, when its little captain was seen making his way rapidly up the

LITTLE JOURNEYS

hill. He was given stern chase by the second office and on being overhauled explained that he was going back to lay his heart and fortune at the feet of the lady. The friend explained that it being but seven o'clock in the morning the charmer probably could not be seen, and so the captain in his spangles and lace was gotten on board ship, the anchor hoisted. Once at sea, salt water and distance seemed to effect a cure.

¶ In Nelson's character was a peculiar trace of trust and innocence. Send your boys to sea and the sailors will educate them, is a safe maxim. But Nelson was an exception, for even in his boyhood he had held little converse with his mates, and in the frolics on shore took no part. Physically he was too weak to meet them on a level, and so he pitted his brain against their brawn. He studied and grubbed at his books while they gambled, caroused and "saw the town."

¶ When he was in command of the school-ship, the second officer once taunted him about his insignificant size. His answer was, "Sir, the pistol makes all men of equal size—to your place! And consider yourself fined ten days' pay."

In buying supplies Nelson refused to sign vouchers unless the precise goods were delivered and the price was right. On being told that this was very foolish, and that a captain was entitled to a quiet commission on all purchases, he began an investigation on his own account and found that it was the rule that naval and army supplies cost the government on an average twenty-five per cent more than they were worth, and

that the names of laborers once placed on a pay roll remained there for eternity. In his zeal the young captain made up a definite statement and brought charges, showing where the government was being robbed of vast sums. On reaching London he was called before the Board of Admiralty and duly cautioned to mind his own affairs.

His third act of indiscretion was his marriage in the Island of Nevis to Mrs. Frances Woolward Nesbit, a widow with one child. Widows often fall easy prey to predacious sailormen and sometimes sailormen fall easy prey to widows. The widow was "unobjectionable", to use the words of Southey, and versed in all the polite dissipation of a prosperous slave-mart capital. Nelson looked upon all English-speaking women as angels of light and models of insight, sympathy and self-sacrifice. Time disillusioned him; and he settled down into the firm belief that a woman was only a child—whimsical, selfish, idle, intent on gauds, jewels and chucks under the chin from specimens of the genus homo—any man—but to be tolerated and gently looked after for the good of the race.

He took his wife to England and left her at his father's parsonage and sailed away for the Mediterranean to fight his country's battles.

Among other errands he had despatches to deliver to Sir William Hamilton, British Envoy at the Court of Naples. Sir William had never met Nelson, but he was so impressed at his first meeting with the little man, that he told his wife after that if she had no objection

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he was going to invite Captain Nelson to their home. Lady Hamilton had no objection, although a sea captain was hardly in their class. "But" argued Sir William, "this captain is different; on talking to him and noting his sober, silent, earnest way I concluded that the world would yet ring with the name of Nelson. He fights his enemy by laying his ship alongside and grappling him to the death."

So a room was set apart in the Hamilton household for Captain Nelson. The next day the captain wrote home to his wife that Lady Hamilton was young, amiable, witty and took an active part in the diplomatic business of the court. Nelson at this time was thirty-five years old; Lady Hamilton was three years younger ☞ ☞

Nelson only remained a few days in Naples, but long enough to impress himself upon the King and all the court as a man of extraordinary quality.

Sorrow and disappointment had made him a fatalist—he looked the part. Admiral Hood at this time said, "Nelson is the only absolutely invincible fighter in the navy. I only fear his recklessness, because he never counts the cost."

It was to be five years before he would meet the Hamiltons again.





THE man who writes the life of Lady Hamilton and tells the simple facts, places his reputation for truth in jeopardy. Emma Lyon was the daughter of a day-laborer. In her babyhood her home was at Hawarden, "The lustre of fame of which town is equally divided between a man and a woman" once said Disraeli, with a solemn, sidelong glance at William Ewart Gladstone. ¶ At Hawarden, Lyon the obscure, known to us but for one thing, died, and if his body was buried in the Hawarden churchyard, destiny failed to mark the spot. The widow worked at menial tasks in the homes of the local gentry, and the child was fed with scraps that fell from the rich man's table—a condition that grew into a habit.

When Emma was thirteen years old, she had learned to read and could "print"—that is, she could write a letter, a feat her mother never learned to do. At this time the girl waited on table and acted as nurse-maid in the family of Sir Thomas Hawarden. Doubtless she learned by listening, and absorbed knowledge because she had the capacity. When Sir Thomas moved up to London, which is down from Hawarden, the sprightly little girl was taken along. Her dresses were a little above her shoe tops, but she lowered the skirt on her own account, very shortly.

Country girls of immature age, comely to look upon, would better keep close at home. The city devours such, and infamy and death for them, lie in wait. But

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here was an exception—Emma Lyon was a child of the hedgerows, and her innocence was only in her appearance. She must have been at that time like the child of the gypsy beggar told of by Smollett, that was purchased for two pounds by an admiring gent, who made a bet with his friends that he could replace her rags with silks and fine linen, and in six weeks introduce her at court, as to the manor born, a credit to her sex. All worked well for a time, when one day, alas, under great provocation, the girl sloughed her ladylike manners, and took on the glossary of the road and camp. ¶ Emma Lyon at fifteen, having graduated as a scullion, went to work for a shopkeeper, as a servant and general helper. ¶ It was soon found that as a saleswoman she was worth much more than as a cook. A caller asked her where she was educated and she explained that it was at the expense of the Earl of Halifax, and that she was his ward. ¶ The Earl fortunately was dead and could not deny the report. Sir Harry Featherston, hearing about the titled girl, or at least of the girl mentioned with titled people, rescued her from the shopkeeper and sent her to his country seat, that she might have the advantages of the best society. ¶ Her beauty and quiet good sense seemed to back up the legend that she was the natural child of the Earl of Halifax, and as the subject seemed to be a painful one to the child herself, it was only discussed in whispers. The girl learned to ride horseback remarkably well, and at a fete appeared as Joan of Arc, armed cap-a-pie, riding a snow-white stallion. ¶ Romney, the portrait

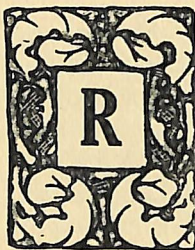
LITTLE JOURNEYS

painter, spending a week end with Sir Henry was struck with the picturesque beauty of the child and painted her as Diana. Romney was impressed with the plastic beauty of the girl, her downcast eyes, her silent ways, her responsive manner, and he begged Sir Harry to allow her to go up to London and sit for another picture. Now Sir Harry was a married man, senior warden of his church, and as the girl was bringing him a trifle more fame than he deserved, he consented. Romney writing to a friend, under date of June 19, 1781, says :

At present, and the greater part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the Divine Lady. I cannot give her any other name, for I think her superior to all womankind. I have two pictures to paint of her for the Prince of Wales. She says she must see you before she leaves England, which will be in the beginning of September. She asked me if you would not write my life. I told her you had begun it; then, she said, she hoped you would have much to say of her in the life, as she prided herself upon being my model.

I dedicate my time to this charming lady; there is a prospect of her leaving town with Sir William, for two or three weeks. They are very much hurried at present, as everything is going on for their speedy marriage, and all the world following her, and talking of her, so that if she has not more good sense than vanity, her brain must be turned. The pictures I have begun are Joan of Arc, a Magdalen, and a Bacchante for the Prince of Wales; and another I am to begin as a companion to the Bacchante. I am also to paint a picture of her as Constance for the Shakespeare Gallery.

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ROMNEY painted twenty-three pictures of Emma Lyon, that are now in existence. England at that time was experiencing a tidal wave of genius, and Romney and his beautiful model rode in on the crest of the wave, with Sir Joshua, the Herschels, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Edmund Burke, Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole and various others of equal note caught in amber, all of them, by the busy Boswell.

Beside those who did things worth while, there were others who buzzed, dallied, and simply seemed and thought they lived. Among this class, who were famous for doing nothing, was Beau Nash, the pride of the pump room. Next in note, but more moderately colored was Sir Charles Greville, man of polite education, a typical courtier, with a leaning toward music and the arts, which gave his character a flavor of culture that the others did not possess.

The fair Emma was giving the Romney studio a trifle more fame than the domestic peace of the portrait painter demanded, and when Sir Charles Greville, sitting for his portrait, became acquainted with the beautiful model, Romney saw his opportunity to escape the inevitable crash. So Sir Charles, the man of culture, the patron of the picturesque, the devotee of beauty, undertook the further education of Emma as an ethnological experiment.

He employed a competent teacher to give her lessons

THE PHILISTINE

ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor.

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in voice culture, to the end that she should neither screech nor purr. Sir Charles himself read to her from the poets and she committed to memory "Pope's Essay on Man," and a whole speech by Robert Walpole, which she recited at a banquet at Strawberry Hill, to the immense surprise, not to mention delight, of Horace Walpole.

Sir Charles also hired a costumer by the month to study the physiological landscape and prepare raiment of extremely rich, but somber hues, so that the divine lady would outclass in both modesty and aplomb the fairest daughters of Albion. About this time, Emma became known as "Lady Harte," it being discovered that Burke's Peerage contained information that the Hartes were kinsmen of the Earl of Halifax, and also that the Hartes had moved to America.

The testimony of contemporary expert porchers seems to show that Sir Charles Greville spent upwards of five thousand pounds a year upon the education of his ward. This was continued for several years, when a reversal in the income of Sir Charles made retrenchment desirable, if not absolutely necessary. And as good fortune would have it, about this time Sir William Hamilton, British Envoy to the Neapolitan Court was home on a little visit.

He was introduced to Lady Harte by his nephew, Sir Charles Greville, and at once perceived and appreciated the wonderful natural as well as acquired gifts of the lady. ☞ ☞ ☞

Lady Harte was interviewed as to her possibly be-

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coming Lady Hamilton, all as duly provided by the laws of Great Britain and the Church of England; and it being ascertained that Lady Harte was willing, and also that she was not a sister of the deceased Lady Hamilton, Sir William and Emma were duly married.

¶ At Naples, Lady Hamilton at once became very popular. ¶ She had a splendid presence, was a ready talker, knew the subtle art of listening, took a sympathetic interest in her husband's work and when necessary could entertain their friends by a song, recitation or a speech.

Her relationship with Sir William was beyond reproach—she was by his side wherever he went, and her early education in the practical work-a-day affairs of the world served her in good stead.

Southey feels called upon to criticise Lady Hamilton, but he also offers as apology for the errors of her early life, the fact of her vagabond childhood, and says her immorality was more unmoral than vicious, and that her loyalty to Sir William was beautiful and beyond cavil. ¶ ¶ ¶

Sir William Hamilton represented the British nation at Naples for thirty-six years. He was a diplomat of the old school—gracious, refined, dignified, with a bias for art. Among other good things done for his country was the collecting of a vast treasure of bronzes gotten from Pompeii and Herculaneum. This collection was sold by Sir William, through the agency of his wife, to the British nation for the sum of seven thousand pounds. There was a great scandal about the purchase

at the time, and the transaction was pointed out to prove the absolutely selfish and grasping qualities of Lady Hamilton, the costly and curious vases being referred to in the House of Commons as "junk."

Time, however, has given a proper focus to the matter and this collection of beautiful things made by people dead these two thousand years, is now known to be absolutely priceless, almost as much so as the Elgin Marbles, taken from the Parthenon at Athens and which now repose in the British Museum, the chief attraction of the place.

There were many visitors of note being constantly entertained at the Embassy at Naples. Among others was the Bishop of Derry, the man who enjoyed the distinction of being both a bishop and an infidel. When he made oath in courts of alleged justice he always crossed his fingers, put his tongue in his cheek and winked at the notary. The infidelic prelate has added his testimony to the excellence of the character of Lady Hamilton, and once swore on the book in which he did not believe, that if Sir William should die he would wed his widow. To which the lady replied, "Provided, of course, the widow was willing!" And the temperature suddenly dropping below thirty-two Fahrenheit, the bishop moved on.

And along about this time the "Agamemnon" sailed into the beautiful bay of Naples, and Captain Nelson made an official call upon the envoy. It was at dinner that night that Sir William remarked to Lady Emma, "My dear, that captain of the "Agamemnon" is a most

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remarkable man, and if you are agreeable, I believe I will invite him here to our home."

And the lady, generous, kind, gentle, never opposing her husband, answered, "Why certainly, invite him here—a little rest from the sea he will enjoy—I will endeavor to make him feel at home!"



FROM 1793 to 1798, Nelson made history and made it rapidly. For three years of this time he was in constant pursuit of the enemy, with no respite from danger night or day. When a ship mutinied, Nelson was placed in charge of it if he was within call, and the result was that he always won the absolute love and devotion of his men. He had a dignity which forbade his making himself cheap, but yet he got close to living hearts. "The enemy are there," he once said to a sullen crew, "and I depend upon you to follow me over the side when we annihilate the distance that separates our ships. You shall accept no danger that I do not accept—no hardship shall be yours, that shall not be mine. I need no promises from you that you will do your duty—I know you will. You believe in me and I in you—we are Englishmen fighting our country's battles, and so to your work, my men, to your work." ¶ The mutinous spirit melted away, for the men knew that if Nelson fought with them it would be for the

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privilege of getting at the enemy first. No officer ever carried out sterner discipline, and none was more implicitly obeyed. But the obedience came through love more than through fear.

Nelson lost an eye in battle, in 1795. A few months after, in an engagement, the admiral signaled, "stop firing." Nelson's attention was called to the signal, and his reply was, "I am short one eye, and the other isn't much good, and I accept no signals I cannot see—lay alongside of that ship and sink her."

Nelson was advanced step by step and became admiral of the fleet. At the battle of Santa Cruz, Nelson led a night attack on the town in small boats. The night was dark and stormy, and the force expected to get in under the forts without being discovered. The alarm was given, however, and the forts opened up a terrific fire. Nelson was standing in the prow of a small boat, and fell back, his arm shattered at the elbow. He insisted on going forward and taking command, even though his sword arm was useless. Loss of blood, however, soon made him desist, and he was transferred to another boat loaded with wounded and sent back.

The sailors rowed rapidly to the nearest anchored ship, her lights out, four miles from shore. On pulling up under the lee of the ship, Nelson saw that it was the corvette "Seahorse," and he ordered the men to row to the "Agamemnon," a mile away, saying, "Captain Freemantle's wife is aboard of that ship and we are in no condition to call on ladies." Arriving at the "Agamemnon," the surgeons were already busy with

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the wounded. Seeing their commander, the surgeons rushed to his assistance. He ordered them back, declaring he would take his place and await his turn in the line, and this he did. When it came his turn the surgeons saw that it was a comminuted fracture of the elbow with the whole right hand reduced to a pulp, and that amputation was the only thing. There were no anæsthetics, and at daylight, on the deck where there was air and light, Nelson watched the surgeons sever the worthless arm. As they bandaged the stump, he dictated a report of the battle to his secretary, but after ten minutes writing, the poor secretary fell limp in a faint, and Nelson ordered one of the surgeons to complete taking the dictation. This official report contained no mention of the calamity that had befallen the commander, he regarding the loss of an arm as merely an incident.

In six months' time he had met and defeated all of the ships of Napoleon that could be located. When he returned to England an ovation met him such as never before had been given to a sailorman. He was "Sir Horatio," although he complained that, "They began to call me Lord Nelson, even before I had gotten used to having my ears tickled by the sound of Sir."

He was made Knight of the Bath, given a pension of a thousand pounds a year, and so many medals pinned upon his breast "that he walked with a limp," a local writer said. The limp, however, was from undiscovered lead, and this with one eye, one arm and naturally a slender and gaunt figure, gave him a peculiarly pathetic

appearance. ¶ The actions of his wife at this time in pressing herself on society and in her strenuous endeavors to make of him a public show, were the unhappy culmination of a series of marital misunderstandings which led him to part with her, placing his entire pension at her disposal.

Trouble in the East soon demanded a firm hand, and Nelson sailed away to meet the emergency. This time he was in pursuit of a concentrated fleet, with Napoleon on board. It was the hope and expectation of Nelson to capture Napoleon, and if he had, no one person would have been as fortunate as the Little Corporal himself. It would have saved him the disgrace of failure, a soldier of fortune seized by accident after a series of successes that dazzled the world, and then captured at sea by a fighter on the water as great as he himself was on land. But alas! Napoleon was to escape, which he did by a flight where wind and tide seemed to answer his prayer.

But Nelson crushed his navy. The story of the battle has been told in chapters that form a book, so no attempt to repeat the account need here be made. Let it suffice, that sixteen English ships grappled to the death for three days with twenty-one French ships, with the result that the entire French fleet, save four ships were sunk, burned or captured. "It was not a victory," said Nelson, "it was a conquest." The French commodore, Casabianca, was killed on board of his ship "Orient," and his son, a lad of ten, stood on the burning deck 'till all but him had fled, and supplied the

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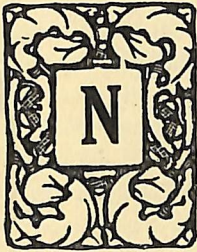
subject for a poem that thrilled our boyish hearts and causes us a sigh, even yet.

The four ships that escaped probably would never have gotten away had Nelson not been wounded by flying splinters that tore open his scalp. The torn skin hung down over his one good eye, blinding him absolutely, and the blood flowed over his face in jets, making him unrecognizable. He was carried to the surgeons' table; there was a hurried, anxious moment, and a shout of joy went up that could have been heard a mile, when it was found that he had only suffered a flesh wound. The flap was sewed back in place, his head bandaged, and in half an hour he was on deck looking anxiously for fleeing Frenchmen.

When the news of the victory reached England, Nelson was made a baron and his pension increased to two thousand pounds a year for life. England loved him, France feared him, and Italy, Egypt and Turkey celebrated him as their savior. The elder Pitt said in the House of Commons, "The name of Nelson will be known as long as government exists and history is read" ☪ ☪ ☪

And Nelson, the battle won, himself wounded, exhausted through months of intense nervous strain, his frail body maimed and covered with scars, again sailed into the Bay of Naples.





ELSON had saved Naples from falling a prey to the French, and the city now rang with the shouts of welcome and gratitude ☞ ☞

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The Hamiltons went out in a small boat and boarded the "Vanguard". Nelson came forward to greet them as they climbed over the side. The great

fighter was leaning heavily upon a sailor who half supported him. It is probably true, as stated by her enemies, that at sight of the Admiral, Lady Hamilton burst into tears, and taking him in her arms kissed him tenderly.

Nelson was taken to the home of the embassy. The battle won, the strain upon his frail physique had its way; his brain reeled with fever; the echoes of the guns still thundered in his ears; and in his half delirium his tongue gave orders and anxiously asked after the welfare of the fleet. He was put to bed and Lady Hamilton cared for him as she might have cared for a sick child. She allowed no hired servant to enter his room, and for several weeks she and Sir William were his only attendants. Gradually health returned, and Nelson had an opportunity to partially repay his friends by helping them to quell a riot that threatened the safety of the city.

The months passed and the only peace and calm that had been Nelson's in his entire life was now his. ¶ Nelson was forty years of age; Lady Hamilton was thirty-seven; Sir William was seventy-one. The inev-

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itable happened—the most natural and the most beautiful thing in the world. Love came into the life of Nelson—the first, last and only love of his life. And he loved with all the abandon and oneness of his nature ☞ ☞

Sir William was aware of the bond that had grown up between his beautiful wife and Lord Nelson, and he respected it, and gave it his blessing, realizing that he himself belonged to another generation and had but a few years to live at best, and in this he fastened to himself with hoops of steel their affection for him.

¶ In the year of 1800, when the Hamiltons started for England, Nelson accompanied them in their tour across the continent, and great honors were everywhere paid him ☞ Arriving in London he made his home with them. There was no time for idleness, for the Home Office demanded his services daily for consultation and advice, for the Corsican was still at large—very much at large.

In two years Sir William died—passed peacefully away, attended and ministered to by Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

Two years more were to pass, and the services of a sea-fighter of the Nelson calibre were required. Napoleon had gotten together another navy and having combined with Spain they had a fleet that out-classed that of England.

Only one man in England could fight this superior foe on the water with an assurance of success. Nelson fought ships as an expert plays chess. He had reduced

the game to a science; if the enemy made this move, he made that. He knew how to lure a hostile fleet and have it pursue him to the ground he had selected, and then he knew how to cut it in half and whip it piecemeal. His fighting was consummate generalship, combined with a seeming recklessness that gave a courage to the troops which made them invincible.

English society forgives anything but honesty and truth, and the name of Nelson had been spit upon because of his love for Lady Hamilton. But now danger was at the door and England wanted a man.

¶ Nelson hesitated, but Lady Hamilton said, "Go—yes, go this once—your country calls and only you can do this task. The work done, come home to me, and the rest shall be yours that you so richly deserve. Go and my love shall follow you!"

That night Nelson started for Portsmouth, and in four days was on the coast of Spain.

The battle of Trafalgar was fought October 21st, 1805.

¶ At daylight Nelson hoisted the signal—"England expects every man to do his duty," gave the order to close in and the game of death began. Each side had made a move. Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following codicil to his will:

October 21st, 1805.—In sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distance about ten miles.

Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my king and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our king or country.

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First: That she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England: from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if the opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton: the opportunity might have been offered ☞ ☞

Secondly: The British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused a letter to be written to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply; went to Egypt and destroyed the French fleet. ¶ Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life ☞ ☞

I also leave to the beneficence of my country my daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. These are the only favours I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear!

NELSON

Witness { Henry Blackwood
 { T. M. Hardy

Nelson ordered the "Temeraire," "the fighting "Temeraire,"—the ship of which, Ruskin was to write the

finest piece of prose-poetry ever penned—to lead the charge, then saw to it that the order could not be carried out for the “Victory” led.

By noon Nelson had gotten several men into the king-row. Three of the enemy’s ships had struck, two were on fire, and four were making a desperate endeavor to escape the fate that Nelson had prepared for them.

¶ At one o’clock—Nelson’s own ship, the “Victory” had grappled with the “Redoubtable” & was chained fast to her. Nelson’s men had shot the hull of the “Redoubtable” full of holes and once had set fire to her. Then thinking the “Redoubtable” had struck, since her gunners had ceased their work, Nelson had ordered his own men to cease firing and extinguish the flames on the craft of the enemy.

Just at this time a musket-ball, fired from the yards of the “Redoubtable,” struck Nelson on the shoulder and passed down through the vertebrae. He fell upon the deck, exclaiming to Captain Hardy who was near, “They have done for me now, Hardy, my back is broken.”

¶ He was carried below, but the gush of blood into the lungs told the tale—Nelson was dying. He sent for Hardy, but before the captain could be found the hurraing on the deck told that the “Redoubtable” had surrendered. A gleam of joy came into the one blue eye of the dying man and he said, “I would like to live one hour just to know that my plans were right—we must capture or destroy twenty of them.”

¶ Hardy came & held the hand of his friend. “Kiss me Hardy—I am dying—tell Lady Hamilton that my last

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words were of her—good bye!" and he covered his face and the stars on his breast with a handkerchief, so that his men might not recognize the dead form of their chief as they hurried by at their work. Nelson was dead—but Trafalgar was won.



LADY HAMILTON was unfortunate in having her history written only by her enemies—written with goose-quills. Q Taine says, "the so-called best society in England is notoriously corrupt and frigidly religious. It places a penalty on honesty; a premium on hypocrisy, and having no virtues of its own, it cries shrilly about virtue—as if there were but one, and that negative."

Nelson in his innocence did not know English society, otherwise he would not have commended Lady Hamilton to the gratitude of the English. It was a little like commending her to a pack of wolves. The sum of ten thousand pounds was voted to each of Nelson's sisters, but not a penny to Lady Hamilton, "my wife before the eyes of God," as he himself expressed it. Fortunately an annuity of four hundred pounds had been arranged for Horatia the daughter of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and this comparatively small sum saved Lady Hamilton and her child from absolute want. As it was, Lady Hamilton was arrested on a charge

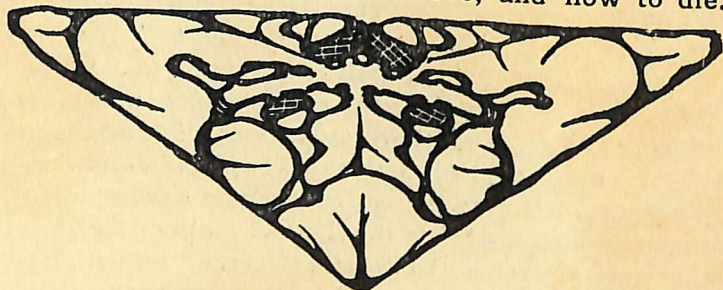
of debt and imprisoned, and practically driven out of England, although the sisters of Lord Nelson believed in her, and respected her to the last. Lady Hamilton died in France in 1813. Her daughter, Horatia Nelson, became a strong, excellent and beautiful woman, passing away in 1881. She married the Reverend Philip Ward of Teventer, Kent, and raised a family of nine children. One of her sons moved to America and made his mark upon the stage, and also in letters. The American branch spell the name "Warde." In England several of the grandchildren of Lord Nelson have made the name of "Ward" illustrious in art and literature. ¶ Mrs. Ward wrote a life of her mother, but a publisher was never found for the book, and the manuscript was lost or destroyed. Some extracts from it, however, were published in the London "Athenæum" in 1877, and the picture of Lady Hamilton there presented was that of a woman of great natural endowments; a welling heart of love; great motherly qualities; high intellect and aspiration, caught in the web of unkind condition in her youth, but growing out of this and developing a character which made her the rightful mate of Nelson, the invincible, Nelson, the incorruptible, against whose loyalty and honesty not even his enemies ever said a word, save that he fell a victim to his love, his love for one woman.

Loveless, unloved and unlovable Tammas the Titan, from Ecclefechan, writing in spleen, says: "Nelson's unhappy affair with a saucy jade of a wench, has supplied the world more gabble than all of his victories."

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And possibly the affair in question was quite as important for good as the battles won. The world might do without war, but I make the hazard it could not long survive if men and women ceased to love and mate. However, I may be wrong.

People whose souls are made of dawnstuff and starshine may make mistakes, but God will not judge them by these alone. But for the love of Lady Hamilton, Nelson would probably never have lived to fight Trafalgar—one of the pivotal battles of the world. Nelson saved England from the fell clutch of the Corsican—and Lady Hamilton saved Nelson from insanity and death. ♫ ♫ Nelson knew how to do three great things—how to fight, how to love, and how to die.





Lady Hamilton

A Social and Industrial Experiment

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Reprinted through the courtesy of "The Cosmopolitan."



HE editor of "The Cosmopolitan Magazine" has asked me to write an article for publication about myself and the work in which I am engaged.

I think I am honest enough to sink self, to stand outside my own personality, and answer the proposition. Let me begin by telling what I am not, and thus reach the vital issue by elimination ❀ ❀

First. I am not popular in "Society," and those who champion my cause in my own town are plain, unpretentious people.

Second. I am not a popular writer, since my name has never been mentioned in the "Atlantic," "Scribner's," "Harper's," "The Century" or the "Ladies' Home Journal." But as a matter of truth, it may not be amiss for me to say that I have waited long hours in the entry way of each of the magazines just named, in days ago, and then been handed the frappe.

Third. I am not rich, as the world counts wealth.

Fourth. As an orator I am without the graces, and do scant justice to a double-breasted Prince Albert.

Fifth. The Roycroft Shop, to the welfare of which my life is dedicated, is not so large as to be conspicuous on account of size.

Sixth. Personally, I am no ten-thousand-dollar beauty: the glass of fashion and the mold of form are far from mine.

Then what have I done concerning which the public wishes to know? Simply this:

In one obscure country village I have had something to do with stopping the mad desire on the part of the young people to get out of the country and flock to the cities. In this town and vicinity the tide has been turned from city to country. We have made one country village an attractive place for growing youth by supplying congenial employment, opportunity for education and healthful recreation, and an outlook into the world of art and beauty.

All boys and girls want to make things with their hands, and they want to make beautiful things, they want to "get along," and I've simply given them a chance to get along here, instead of seeking their fortunes in Buffalo, New York or Chicago. They have helped me and I have helped them; and through this mutual help we have made head, gained ground upon the whole.

By myself I could have done nothing, and if I have succeeded, it is simply because I have had the aid and co-operation of cheerful,

willing, loyal and loving helpers. Even now as I am writing this in my cabin in the woods, four miles from the village, they are down there at the Shop, quietly, patiently, cheerfully doing my work—which work is also theirs. No man liveth unto himself alone: our interests are all bound up together, and there is no such thing as a man going off by himself and corraling the good.

When I came to this town there was not a house in the place that had a lavatory with hot and cold water attachments. Those who bathed, swam in the creek in the summer or used the family wash-tub in the kitchen in winter. My good old partner, Ali Baba, has always prided himself on his personal cleanliness. He is arrayed in rags, but underneath, his hide is clean, and better still, his heart is right. Yet, when he first became a member of my household he was obliged to take his Saturday-night tub out in the orchard, from spring until autumn came with withered leaves. He used to make quite an ado in the kitchen, heating the water in the wash-boiler. Six pails of cistern water, a gourd of soft soap and a gunny-sack for friction were required in the operation. Of course the Baba waited until after dark before performing his ablutions. But finally his plans were more or less disturbed by certain rising youth, who timed his habits and awaited his disrobing with o'er-ripe tomatoes. The bombardment, and the inability to pursue the enemy turned the genial current of the Baba's life awry until I put a bathroom in my house, with a lock on the door. This bit of history I have mentioned for the dual purpose of shedding light on former bathing facilities in East Aurora, and more especially to show that once we had the hoodlum with us.

Hoodlumism is born of idleness; it is useful energy gone to seed. In small towns hoodlumism is rife, and the hoodlums are usually the children of the best citizens. Hoodlumism is the first step in the direction of crime. The hoodlum is very often a good boy who does not know what to do; and so he does the wrong thing. He bombards with tomatoes a good man taking a bath, puts tick-tacks on windows, ties a tin can to the dog's tail, takes the burrs off your carriage-wheels, steals your chickens, annexes your horse-blankets and scares old ladies into fits by appearing at windows wrapped in a white sheet. To wear a mask, walk in and demand the money in the family ginger-jar is the next and natural evolution.

To a great degree the Roycroft Shop has done away with hoodlumism in this village, and a stranger wearing a silk hat, or an artist with a white umbrella, is now quite safe upon our streets. Very naturally the Oldest Inhabitant will deny what I have said about East Aurora—he will tell you that the order, cleanliness and beauty of the place have always existed. The change has come about so naturally, and so

entirely without his assistance, that he knows nothing about it. Truth when first presented is always denied, but later there comes a stage when the man says, "I always believed it." And so the good old citizens are induced to say that these things have always been, or else they gently pooh-pooh them. However, the truth remains that I introduced the first heating-furnace into the town; bought the first lawn-mower; was among the first to use electricity for lights and natural gas for fuel; and, so far, am the only one in town to use natural gas for power.

Until the starting of the Roycroft Shop there were no industries here, aside from the regulation country store, grocery, tavern, blacksmith-shop and sawmill—none of which enterprises attempted to supply more than local wants. There was Hamlin's stock-farm, devoted to raising trotting-horses, that gave employment to some of the boys; but for the girls there was nothing. They got married at the first chance; some became "hired girls," or if they had ambitions, fixed their hearts on the Buffalo Normal School, raised turkeys, picked berries, and turned every honest penny towards the desire to get an education so as to become teachers. Comparatively, this class was small in number. Most of the others simply followed that undefined desire to get away out of the dull, monotonous, gossiping village; and so, craving excitement, they went away to the cities and the cities swallowed them. A wise man has said that God made the country, man the city, and the devil the small towns. ¶ The country supplies the cities its best and worst. We hear of the few who succeed, but of the many who are lost in the maelstrom we know nothing. Sometimes in country homes it is even forbidden to mention certain names. "She went to the city"—you are told, and there the history abruptly stops. ¶ And so, to swing back to the place of beginning, I think the chief reason many good folks are interested in the Roycroft Shop is because here country boys and girls are given work at which they can not only earn their living, but get an education while doing it. Next to this is the natural curiosity to know how a large and successful business can be built up in a plain, humdrum village by simply using the talent and materials that are at hand, and so I am going to tell now how the Roycroft Shop came to start; a little about what it has done; what it is trying to do; and what it hopes to become. And since modesty is only egotism turned wrong-side out, I will make no special endeavor to conceal the fact that I have had something to do with the venture. ¶ From about 1650 to 1690 in London, Samuel and Thomas Roycroft printed and made very beautiful books. In choosing the name "Roycroft" for our shop we had these men in mind, but beyond this the word has a special significance, meaning King's Craft—King's crafts-

men being a term used in the Guilds of the olden times for men who had achieved a high degree of skill—men who made things for the King. So a Roycrofters is a person who makes beautiful things, and makes them as well as he can.

"The Roycrofters" is the legal name of our institution. It is a corporation, and the shares are distributed among the workers. No shares are held by anyone but Roycrofters, and it is agreed that any worker who quits the Shop, shall sell his shares back to the concern. This co-operative plan, it has been found, begets a high degree of personal diligence, a loyalty to the institution, a sentiment of fraternity and a feeling of permanency among the workers that is very beneficial to all concerned. Each worker, even the most humble, calls it "Our Shop," and feels that he is an integral and necessary part of the Whole. Possibly there are a few who consider themselves more than necessary. Ali Baba, for instance, it is said, has referred to himself, at times, as the Whole Thing. And this is all right, too—I would never chide an excess of zeal: the pride of a worker in his worth and work is a thing to foster. It's the man who "does n't give a damn" who is really troublesome. The artistic big-head is not half so bad as apathy.



IN the month of December, 1894, I printed the first "Little Journeys" in booklet form, at the local printing-office, having become discouraged in trying to find a publisher. But before offering the publications to the public I decided to lay the matter again before G. P. Putnam's Sons, although they had declined the matter in manuscript form. Mr. George H. Putnam rather liked the matter and was induced to issue the periodical at a venture for one year. The scheme seemed to meet with success, the novel form of the publication being in its favor. The subscription reached nearly a thousand in six months; the newspapers were kind and the success of the plan suggested printing a pamphlet modeled on similar lines, telling what we thought about things in general, and publishers and magazine editors in particular. ¶ There was no intention at first of issuing more than one number of this pamphlet, but to get it through the mails at magazine rates we made up a little subscription-list and asked that it be entered at the postoffice at East Aurora as second-class matter. The postmaster adjusted his brass-rimmed spectacles, read the pamphlet, and decided that it surely was second-class matter. ¶ We called it the "Philistine" because we were going after the "Chosen People" in literature. It was Leslie Stephen who said, "The term Philistine is a word used by prigs to designate people they do not like." When you call a man a bad name, you are that thing—not he. The Smug and Snugly Enconced denizens of Union Square called me a Philistine, and

I said, "Yes, I am one, if a Philistine is something different from you." ❀ ❀

My helpers, the printers, were about to go away to pastures new; they were in debt, the town was small, they could not make a living. So they offered me their outfit for a thousand dollars. I accepted the proposition.

I decided to run the "Philistine Magazine" for a year—to keep faith with the misguided who had subscribed—and then quit. To fill in the time, we printed a book: we printed it like a William Morris book—printed it just as well as we could. It was cold in the old barn where we first set up the "Philistine," so I built a little building like an old English chapel right alongside of my house. There was a basement, and one room upstairs. I wanted it to be comfortable and pretty, and so we furnished our little shop cozily. We had four girls and three boys working for us then. The shop was never locked, and the boys and girls used to come around evenings. It was really more pleasant than at home.

I brought over a shelf of books from my library. Then I brought the piano, because the youngsters wanted to dance.

The girls brought flowers and birds, and the boys put up curtains at the windows. We were having a lot o' fun, with new subscriptions coming in almost every day, and once in a while an order for a book.

¶ The place got too small when we began to bind books, so we built a wing on one side; then a wing on the other side. To keep the three carpenters busy who had been building the wings, I set them to making furniture for the place. They made the furniture as good as they could—folks came along and bought it.

The boys picked up field stones and built a great, splendid fireplace and chimney at one end of the shop. The work came out so well that I said: "Boys, here is a great scheme—these hardheads are splendid building material." So we advertised we would pay a dollar a load for niggerheads. The farmers began to haul stones; they hauled more stones, and at last they had hauled four thousand loads. We bought all the stone in the dollar limit, bulling the market on bowlders.

Three stone buildings have been built, another is in progress, and our plans are made to build an art gallery of the same material—the stones that the builders rejected. ¶ An artist blew in on the way to No-where, his baggage a tomato-can. He thought he would stop over for a day or two—he is with us yet, and three years have gone by since he came, and now we could not do without him.

Then we have a few Remittance Men, sent to us from a distance, without return-tickets. Some of these men were willing to do anything but work—they offered to run things, to preach, to advise, to make

love to the girls. ¶ We bought them tickets to Chicago and without violence, conducted them to the Four O'clock train.

We have boys who have been expelled from school, blind people, deaf people, old people, jailbirds and mental defectives, and have managed to set them all at useful work; but the Remittance Man of Good Family, who smokes cigarettes in bed, has proved too much for us—so we have given him the Four O'clock without ruth.

We do not encourage people from a distance who want work to come on—they are apt to expect too much. They look for Utopia, when work is work, here as elsewhere. There is just as much need for patience, gentleness, loyalty and love here as anywhere. Application, desire to do the right thing, a willingness to help, and a well-curbed tongue are as necessary in East Aurora as in Tuskegee.

We do our work as well as we can, live one day at a time; and try to be kind.



THE village of East Aurora, Erie County, New York, the home of the Roycrofters, is eighteen miles southeast of the city of Buffalo. The place has a population of about two thousand people.

There is no wealth in the town and no poverty. In East Aurora there are six churches, with pastors' salaries varying from three hundred to one thousand dollars a year; and we have a most excellent school. The place is not especially picturesque or attractive, being simply a representative New York state village. Lake Erie is ten miles distant, and Cazenovia Creek winds its lazy way along by the village.

The land around East Aurora is poor, and so reduced in purse are the farmers that no insurance company will insure farm property in Erie County under any conditions unless the farmer has some business outside of agriculture—the experience of the underwriters being that when a man is poor enough, he is also dishonest; insure a farmer's barn in New York state and there is a strong probability that he will soon invest in kerosene.

However, there is no real destitution, for a farmer can always raise enough produce to feed his family, and in a wooded country he can get fuel, even if he has to lift it between the dawn and the day. Most of the workers in the Roycroft Shop are children of farming folk, and it is needless to add that they are not college-bred, nor have they had the advantages of foreign travel. One of our best helpers, Uncle Billy Bushnell, has never been to Niagara Falls, and does not care to go. Uncle Billy says if you stay at home and do your work well enough, the world will come to you; which aphorism the old man backs up with another, probably derived from experience, to the effect that a man is a fool to chase after women, because if he does n't, the women

will chase after him. ¶ The wisdom of this hard-headed old son of the soil—who abandoned agriculture for art at seventy—is exemplified in the fact that during the year just past over twenty-eight thousand pilgrims have visited the Roycroft Shop—representing every state and territory in the Union and every civilized country on the globe, even far-off Iceland, New Zealand and the Isle of Guam. ¶ Three hundred and ten people are on the pay-roll at the present writing. The principal work is printing, illuminating and binding books. We also work at ornamental blacksmithing, cabinet work, painting pictures, clay-modeling and terra cotta. We issue two monthly publications, "The Philistine Magazine" and "Little Journeys."

"The Philistine" has a circulation of a little over one hundred thousand copies a month, and we print sixty thousand copies of "Little Journeys" each issue. Most of the "Journey" booklets are returned to us for binding, and nearly one-half of "The Philistine Magazines" come back for the same purpose. The binding of these publications is simple work, done by the girls and boys we have educated in this line.

¶ Quite as important as the printing and binding is the illuminating of initials and title-pages. This is a revival of a lost art, gone with so much of the artistic work done by the monks of the olden time. Yet there is a demand for such work, and so far as I know, we are the first concern in America to take up the hand-illumination of books as a business. Of course we have had to train our helpers, and from very crude attempts at decoration we have attained to a point where the British Museum and the "Bibliotheke" at the Hague have deigned to order and pay good golden guineas for specimens of our handicraft. Very naturally we want to do the best work possible, and so self-interest prompts us to be on the lookout for budding genius. The Roycroft is a quest for talent.



THERE are no skilled people in the Roycroft Shop, except those who have become skilled since they came here, with a very few exceptions. Among these is Mr. Louis H. Kinder, master bookbinder, who spent seven years' apprenticeship in Leipsic learning his trade. Competent bibliophiles assure me that Mr. Kinder's work is not surpassed by that of any other bookbinder in America. I have specimens of the work done by Riviere, Zahn, Cobden-Sanderson, Zahnsdorf, "The Guild of Women Binders" of London and the "Club Bindery" of New York; and we surely are not ashamed to show Mr. Kinder's work in the same case with these. But excellent and beautiful as Mr. Kinder's books are, his best work is in the encouragement and inspiration he has given to others. Skilled artisans are usually so jealous of their craft that they refuse

to teach others—not so Mr. Kinder. Through his patient tutorship there are now five helpers in our Shop who can fetch along a full levant book nearly to the finish. And besides that, there are forty others who can do certain parts well, and gradually are becoming skillful. It takes time to make a bookbinder: to bind a book beautifully, stoutly and well, and to hand-tool it, is just as much of an art as to paint a beautiful picture.

In printing, our earlier attempts at “register” and “making ready” were often rather faulty, but with the aid of my faithful friends and helpers, Lyman Chandler and others, we are doing work which I think ranks with the best. In the presswork I have been especially helped by Charles Rosen and Louis Schell. These men have done for me the things I would have liked to do myself, but unfortunately I have only two hands and there are only, so far, twenty-four hours in a day. Happy is that man who has loyal, loving friends who are an extension of himself!

There is a market for the best, and the surest way, we think, to get away from competition, is to do your work a little better than the other fellow. The old tendency to make things cheaper, instead of better, in the book line is a fallacy, as shown in the fact that within ten years there have been a dozen failures of big publishing houses in the United States. The liabilities of these bankrupt concerns footed the fine total of fourteen million dollars. The man who made more books and cheaper books than any one concern ever made had the felicity to fail very shortly, with liabilities of something over a million dollars. He overdid the thing in matter of cheapness—mistook his market. Our motto is “Not How Cheap, But How Good.”

This is the richest country the world has ever known, richer far per capita than England—lending money to Europe. Once Americans were all shoddy—pioneers have to be, I’m told—but now only a part of us are shoddy. As men and women increase in culture and refinement, they want fewer things, and they want better things. The cheap article, I will admit, ministers to a certain grade of intellect; but if the man grows, there will come a time when, instead of a great many cheap and shoddy things, he will want a few good things. He will want things that symbol solidity, truth, genuineness and beauty.

The Roycrofters have many opportunities for improvement, not the least of which is the seeing, hearing and meeting distinguished people. We have a public dining-room, and not a day passes but men and women of note sit at meat with us. At the evening meal, if our visitors are so inclined, and are of the right fibre, I ask them to talk. And if there is no one else to speak, I sometimes read a little from William Morris, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman or Ruskin. David

Bispham has sung for us. Maude Adams and Minnie Maddern Fiske have also favored us with a taste of their quality, but to give a list of all the eminent men and women who have spoken, sung or played for us would lay me liable for infringement in printing "Who's Who." However, let me name one typical incident. The Boston Ideal Opera Company was playing in Buffalo, and Mr. Henry Clay Barnabee and half a dozen of his players took a run out to East Aurora. They were shown through the Shop by one of the girls whose work it is to receive visitors. A young woman of the company sat down at one of the pianos and played. I chanced to be near and asked Mr. Barnabee if he would not sing, and graciously he answered, "Fra Elbertus, I'll do anything that you say." I gave the signal that all the workers should quit their tasks and meet at the chapel. In five minutes we had an audience of three hundred—men in blouses and overalls, girls in big aprons—a very jolly, kindly, receptive company. Mr. Barnabee was at his best—I never saw him so funny. He sang, danced, recited, and told stories for forty minutes. The Roycrofters were, of course, delighted.

One girl whispered to me as she went out, "I wonder what great sorrow is gnawing at Barnabee's heart, that he is so wondrous gay!" Need I say that this girl who made the remark just quoted had drunk of life's cup to the very lees? We have a few such with us—and several of them are among our most loyal helpers.



ONE fortuitous event that has worked to our decided advantage was "A Message to Garcia."

This article, not much more than a paragraph, covering only fifteen hundred words, was written one evening after supper, in a single hour. It was the 22d of February, 1899, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March "Philistine." The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a rather trying day when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent helpers in the way they should go.

The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups when my son Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban war. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.

It came to me with a flash! yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does the thing—does his work—carries the message.

I got up from the table, and wrote "The Message to Garcia." I thought so little of it that we ran it in without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra March "Philistines," a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News

Company ordered a thousand I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred things up.

"It's that stuff about Garcia," he said.

The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, thus, "Give price on one hundred thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form—Empire State Express advertisement on back—also state how soon can ship."

I replied giving price and stated we could supply the pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand pamphlets looked like an awful undertaking.

The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of one hundred thousand each. Five editions were sent out, and then he got out an edition of half a million. Two or three of these half million lots have been sent out by Mr. Daniels, and in addition the article has been reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers. It has been translated into eleven languages, and been given a total circulation of over twenty-two million copies. It has attained, I believe, a larger circulation in the same length of time than any written article has ever before reached.

Of course, we cannot tell just how much good "The Message to Garcia" has done the Shop, but it probably doubled the circulation of both "Little Journeys" and the "Philistine." I do not consider it, by any means, my best piece of writing; but it was opportune—the time was ripe. Truth demands a certain expression, and too much had been said on the other side about the down-trodden, honest man looking for work and not being able to find it. The article in question states the other side. Men are needed, loyal, honest men who will do their work—"the world cries out for him—the man who can carry a message to Garcia."

The man who sent the message and the man who received it are dead. The man who carried it is still carrying other messages. The combination of theme, condition of the country, and method of circulation were so favorable that their conjunction will probably never occur again. Other men will write better articles, but they may go a-begging for lack of a Daniels to bring them to judgment.



CONCERNING my own personal history, I'll not tarry long to tell. It has been too much like the career of many another born in the semi-pioneer times of the Middle West to attract much attention, unless one should go into the psychology of the thing with intent to show the evolution of a soul. But that will require a book—and some day I'll write it after the manner of St. Augustine or Jean Jacques.

Q But just now I'll only say that I was born in Illinois, June 19th, 1856. My father was a country doctor, whose income never exceeded five hundred dollars a year. I left school at fifteen, with a fair hold on the three R's, and beyond this my education in "manual training" had been good. I knew all the forest trees, all wild animals thereabout, every kind of fish, frog, fowl or bird that swam, ran or flew. I knew every kind of grain or vegetable, and its comparative value. I knew the different breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and swine.

I could teach wild cows to stand while being milked, break horses to saddle or harness; could sow, plow and reap; knew the mysteries of applebutter, pumpkin pie, pickled beef, smoked side-meat, and could make lye at a leach and formulate soft soap.

That is to say, I was a bright, strong, active country boy who had been brought up to help his father and mother get a living for a large family ❀❀

I was not so densely ignorant—don't feel sorry for country boys: God is often on their side.

At fifteen I worked on a farm and did a man's work for a boy's pay. I did not like it and told the man so. He replied, "You know what you can do."

And I replied, "Yes." I went westward like the course of empire and became a cowboy; tired of this and went to Chicago; worked in a printing office; peddled soap from house to house; shoved lumber on the docks; read all the books I could find; wrote letters back to country newspapers and became a reporter; next got a job as traveling salesman; taught in a district school; read Emerson, Carlyle and Macaulay; worked in a soap factory; read Shakespeare and committed most of "Hamlet" to memory with an eye on the stage; became manager of the soap factory, then partner; evolved an Idea for the concern and put it on the track of making millions—knew it was going to make millions—did not want them; sold out my interest for seventy-five thousand dollars and went to Harvard College; tramped through Europe; wrote for sundry newspapers; penned two books (could n't find a publisher); taught night-school in Buffalo; tramped through Europe some more and met William Morris (caught it); came back to East Aurora and started "Chautauqua Circles"; studied Greek and Latin with a local clergyman; raised trotting-horses; wrote "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great."

So that is how I got my education, such as it is. I am a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and I've taken several postgraduate courses. I have worked at five different trades enough to be familiar with the tools. In 1899 Tufts College bestowed on me the degree of Master of Arts; but since I did not earn the degree, it really does

not count. ¶ I have never been sick a day, never lost a meal through disinclination to eat, never consulted a doctor, never used tobacco or intoxicants. My work has never been regulated by the eight-hour clause ❧ ❧

Horses have been my only extravagance, and I ride horseback daily now: a horse that I broke myself, that has never been saddled by another, and that has never been harnessed.

My best friends have been workmen, homely women and children. My father and mother are members of my household, and they work in the Shop when they are so inclined. My mother's business now is mostly to care for the flowers, and my father we call "Physician to the Roycrofters," as he gives free advice and attendance to all who desire his services. Needless to say, his medicine is mostly a matter of the mind. Unfortunately for him, we do not enjoy poor health, so there is very seldom anyone sick to be cured. Fresh air is free, and outdoor exercise is not discouraged.



THE Roycroft Shop and belongings represent an investment of about three hundred thousand dollars ❧ We have no liabilities, making it a strict business policy to sign no notes, or other instruments of debt, that may in the future prove inopportune and tend to disturb digestion. Fortune has favored us.

First, the country has grown tired of soft platitudes, silly truism and undisputed things said in such a solemn way. So when the "Philistine" stepped into the ring and voiced in no uncertain tones what its editor thought, thinking men and women stopped and listened. Editors of magazines refused my manuscript because they said it was too plain, too blunt, sometimes indelicate—it would give offense, subscribers would cancel, et cetera, et cetera. To get my thoughts published I had to publish them myself; and people bought for the very reason for which the editor said they would cancel. The readers wanted brevity and plain statement—the editors said they did n't.

¶ The editors were wrong. They failed to properly diagnose a demand. I saw the demand and supplied it—for a consideration.

Next I believed the American public. A portion of it at least, wanted a few good and beautiful books instead of a great many cheap books. The truth came to me in the early nineties, when John B. Alden and half a dozen other publishers of cheap books went to the wall. I read the R. G. Dun & Co. bulletin and I said, "The publishers have mistaken their public—we want better books, not cheaper." In 1892 I met William Morris, and after that I was sure I was right.

Again I had gauged the public correctly—the publishers were wrong, as wrong as the editors. There was a market for the best, and the

problem was to supply it. At first I bound my books in paper covers and simple boards. Men wrote to me wanting fine bindings—I said, there is a market in America for the best. Cheap boards, covered with cloth, stamped by machinery in gaudy tinsel and gilt, are not enough. I found that the bookbinders were all dead. I found five hundred people in a book factory in Chicago binding books, but not a bookbinder among them. They simply fed the books into hoppers and shot them out of chutes, and said they were bound. At last I discovered my Leipsic bookbinder, Louis Kinder, a silent man, with princely pride, who is sure that nobody but booklovers will go to heaven. He just wanted a bench and a chance to work—I supplied these, and here he is, doing the things I would like to do—doing them for me.

Next the public wanted to know about this thing—"What are you folks doing out there in that buckwheat town?" Since my twentieth year I have had one eye on the histrionic stage. I could talk in public a bit, had made political speeches, given entertainments in cross-road schoolhouses, made temperance harangues, was always called upon to introduce the speaker of the evening, and several times had given readings from my own amusing works for the modest stipend of ten dollars and keep. I would have taken the lecture platform had it not been nailed down.

In 1898, my friend Major Pond wanted to book me on a partnership deal at the Waldorf-Astoria. I did n't want to speak there—I had been saying unkind things in "The Philistine" about the Waldorf-Astoria folks. But the Major went ahead and made arrangements. I expected to be mobbed.

But Mr. Boldt, the manager of the hotel, had placed a suite of rooms at my disposal without money and without price. He treated me most cordially; never referred to the outrageous things I had said about his tavern; assured me that he enjoyed my writings, and told of the pleasure he had in welcoming me.

Thus did he heap hot cinders upon my occiput.

The Astor gallery seats eight hundred people. Major Pond had packed in nine hundred at one dollar each—three hundred were turned away. After the lecture the Major awaited me in the anteroom, fell on my neck and rained Pond's Extract down my back, crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Why did n't we charge them two dollars apiece!"

The next move was to make a tour of the principal cities under Major Pond's management. Neither one of us lost money—the Major surely did not.

Last season I gave eighty-one lectures, with a net profit to myself of a little over ten thousand dollars. I spoke at Tremont Temple, in Boston, to twenty-two hundred people; at Carnegie Hall, New York;

at Central Music Hall, Chicago, I spoke to all the house would hold ; at Chautauqua, my audience was five thousand people.

It will be noted by the Discerning that my lectures have been of double importance, in that they have given an income and at the same time advertised the Roycroft Wares.

The success of the Roycroft Shop has not been brought about by any one scheme or plan. The business is really a combination of several ideas, any one of which would make a paying enterprise in itself. So it stands about thus :

First. The printing and publication of two magazines.

Second. The printing of books (it being well known that some of the largest publishers in America—Scribner and Appleton, for instance—have no printing plants, but have the work done for them). Third. The publication of books. Fourth. The artistic binding of books.

Fifth. Authorship. Since I began printing my own manuscript, there is quite an eager demand for my writing, so I do a little of Class B for various publishers and editors. Sixth. The Lecture Lyceum.

Seventh. Blacksmithing, carpenter work, terra cotta and weaving. These industries have sprung up under the Roycroft care as a necessity. Men and women, many of them seventy years young or so, in the village, came to us and wanted work, and we simply gave them opportunity to do the things they could do best. We have found a market for all their wares, so no line of work has ever been a bill of expense ❀❀

I want no better clothing, no better food, no more comforts and conveniences than my helpers and fellow-workers have. I would be ashamed to monopolize a luxury—to take a beautiful work of art, say a painting or a marble statue, and keep it for my own pleasure and for the select few I might invite to see my beautiful things. Art is for all—beauty is for all. Harmony in all of its manifold forms should be like a sunset—free to all who can drink it in. The Roycroft Shop is for the Roycrofters, and each is limited only by his capacity to absorb.



ART is the expression of man's joy in his work, and all the joy and love that you weave into a fabric comes out again and belongs to the individual who has the soul to appreciate. Art is beauty, and beauty is a gratification, a peace and a solace to every normal man and woman. Beautiful sounds, beautiful colors, beautiful proportions, beautiful thoughts—how our souls hunger for them ! Matter is only mind in an opaque condition ; and all beauty is but a symbol of spirit.

You cannot get joy from feeding things all day into a machine. You must let the man work with hand and brain, and then out of the joy

of this marriage of hand and brain, beauty will be born. It tells of a desire for harmony, peace, beauty, wholeness—holiness.

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work.

When you read a beautiful poem that makes your heart throb with gladness and gratitude, you are simply partaking of the emotion that the author felt when he wrote it. To possess a piece of work that the workman made in joyous animation is a source of joy to the possessor.

¶ And this love of the work done by the marriage of hand and brain can never quite go out of fashion—for we are men and women, and our hopes and aims and final destiny are at last one. Where one enjoys, all enjoy; where one suffers, all suffer.

Say what you will of the coldness and selfishness of men, at the last we long for companionship and the fellowship of our kind. We are lost children, and when alone and the darkness gathers, we long for the close relationship of the brothers and sisters we knew in our childhood, and cry for the gentle arms that once rocked us to sleep. Men are homesick amid this sad, mad rush for wealth and place and power. The calm of the country invites, and we would fain do with less things, and go back to simplicity, and rest our tired heads in the lap of Mother Nature.

Life is expression. Life is a movement outward, an unfolding, a development. To be tied down, pinned to a task that is repugnant, and to have the shrill voice of Necessity whistling eternally in your ears, "Do this or starve," is to starve; for it starves the heart, the soul, and all the higher aspirations of your being pine away and die.

¶ At the Roycroft Shop the workers are getting an education by doing things. Work should be the spontaneous expression of a man's best impulses. We grow only through exercise, and every faculty that is exercised, becomes strong, and those not used atrophy and die. Thus how necessary it is that we should exercise our highest and best! To develop the brain we have to exercise the body. Every muscle, every organ, has its corresponding convolution in the brain. To develop the mind, we must use the body. Manual training is essentially moral training; and physical work is at its best mental, moral and spiritual—and these are truths so great and yet so simple that until yesterday many wise men did not recognize them.

At the Roycroft Shop we are reaching out for an all-round development through work and right living.

And we have found it a good expedient—a wise business policy. Sweat-shop methods can never succeed in producing beautiful things. And so the management of the Roycroft Shop surrounds the workers with beauty, allows many liberties, encourages cheerfulness and tries to promote kind thoughts, simply because it has been found that these

things are transmuted into good, and come out again at the fingertips of the workers in beautiful results. So we have pictures, statuary, flowers, ferns, palms, birds, and a piano in every room. We have the best sanitary appliances that money can buy; we have bathrooms, shower-baths, library, rest-rooms. Every week we have concerts, dances, lectures.

Beside being a work-shop the Roycroft is a School. We are following out a dozen distinct lines of study, and every worker in the place is enrolled as a member of one or more classes. There are no fees to pupils, but each pupil purchases his own books—the care of his books and belongings being considered a part of one's education. All the teachers are workers in the Shop, and are volunteers, teaching without pay, beyond what each receives for his regular labor.

The idea of teaching we have found is a great benefit—to the teacher. The teacher gets most out of the lessons. Once a week there is a faculty meeting, when each teacher gives in a verbal report of his stewardship. It is responsibility that develops one, and to know that your pupils expect you to know is a great incentive to study. Then teaching demands that you shall give—give yourself—and he who gives most receives most. We deepen our impressions by recounting them, and he who teaches others teaches himself. I am never quite so proud as when some one addresses me as "teacher."

We make a special feature, among our workers, of music. Our Musical Director, is instructing over one hundred pupils, of all ages, from three to seventy-three. We have a brass band, an orchestra, a choral society, a guitar and mandolin club, and a "Little German Band" that supplies the agrarians much glee.

We try to find out what each person can do best, what he wants to do, and then we encourage him to put his best into it—also to do something else besides his specialty, finding rest in change.

The thing that pays should be the expedient thing, and the expedient thing should be the proper and right thing. That which began with us as a matter of expediency is often referred to as a "philanthropy." I do not like the word, and wish to state here that the Roycroft is in no sense a charity—I do not believe in giving any man something for nothing. You give a man a dollar and the man will think less of you because he thinks less of himself; but if you give him a chance to earn a dollar, he will think more of himself and more of you. The only way to help people is to give them a chance to help themselves. So the Roycroft Idea is one of reciprocity—you help me and I'll help you. We will not be here forever, anyway: soon Death, the kind old Nurse, will come and rock us all to sleep, and we had better help one another while we may: we are going the same way—let's go hand in hand.

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